

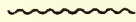
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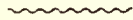
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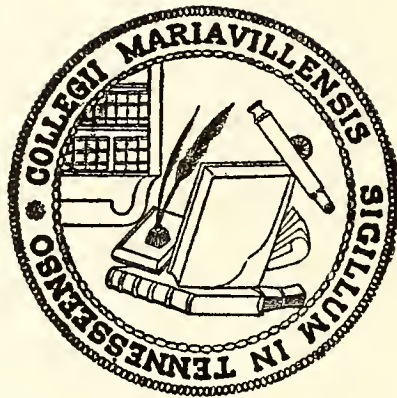
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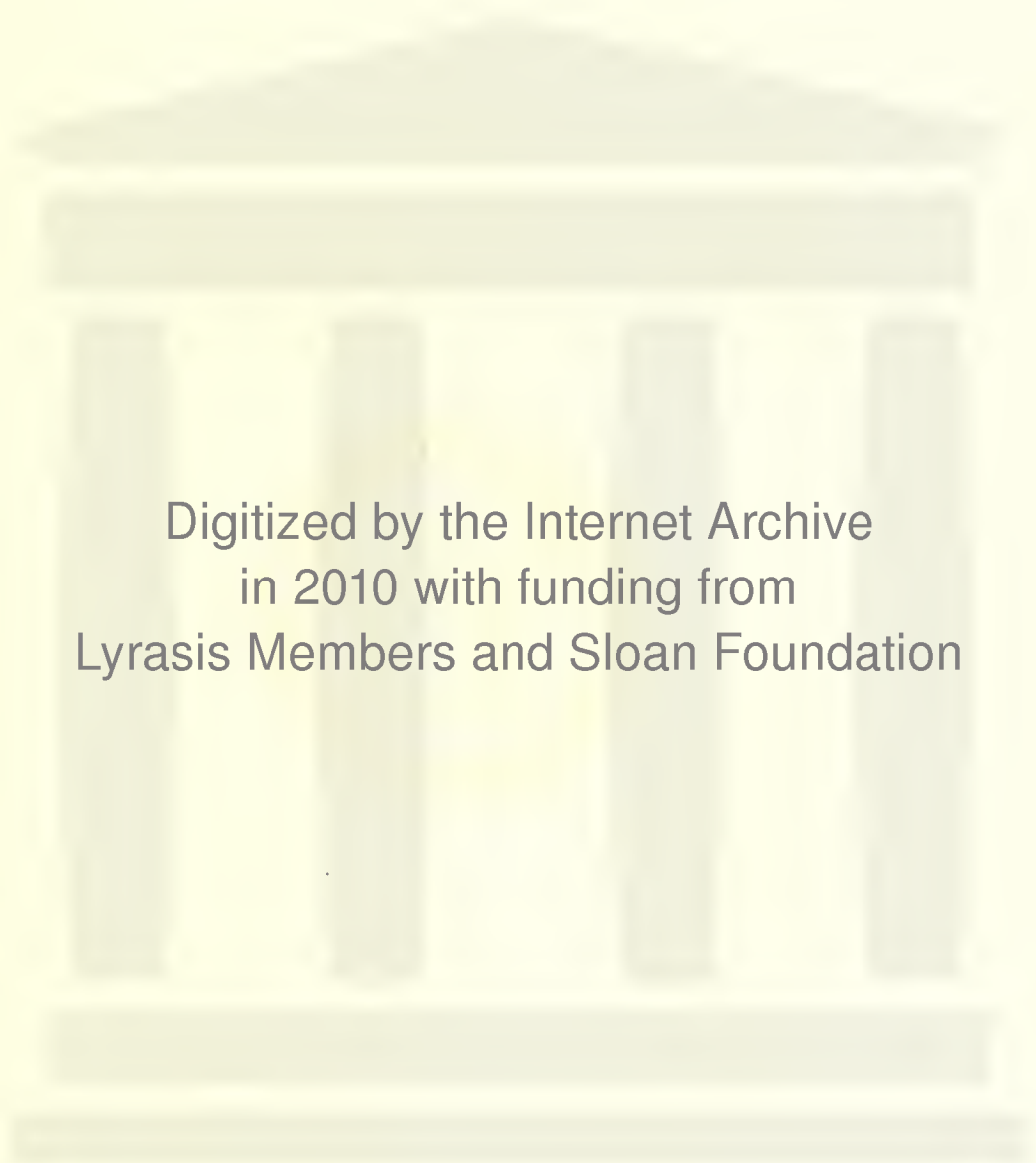


Volume III

No. I

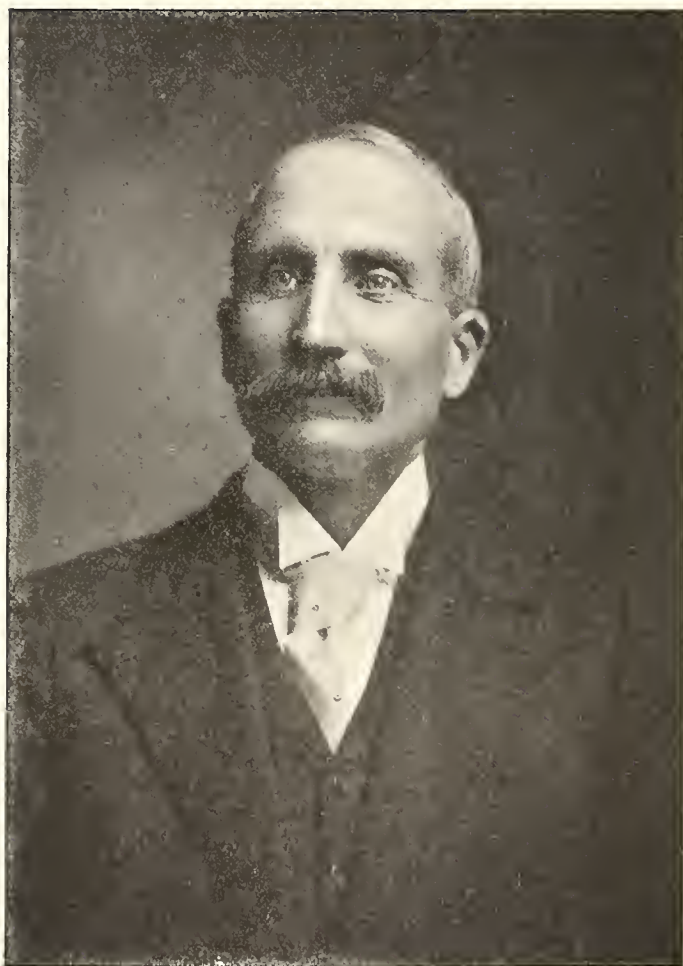
Maryville, Tennessee, May, 1908





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(1)

DEDICATION

BECAUSE OF HIS
NEVER-FAILING KINDNESS
AND DEVOTION TO
THE INTERESTS OF THOSE ENTRUSTED TO HIS CARE,
WE LOVINGLY DEDICATE
THIS VOLUME
TO
JASPER CONVERSE BARNES

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JASPER CONVERSE BARNES

*"What thou wilt
Thou must rather enforce
it with a smile
Than here it with thy sword."*

AT the beginning of that memorable conflict of vital issues between the North and the South, there was born in the town of Mergsville, Morgan County, Ohio, August 28, 1861, one whose motto has been, "Work". This was Jasper Converse Barnes. His father, Abraham Barnes, came from England to the city of "Brotherly Love" with his parents, and afterwards to Ohio. His mother, Margaret Welsh Barnes, was of Scotch-Irish descent, and her parents moved from Pennsylvania to Ohio in the early part of the nineteenth century. Thus the sturdy character of the English, combined with the perseverance of the Scotch-Irish, constitutes the element which is so characteristic of the man.

¶He received his early education in the public schools of his native town, in the McConnellsville High School, and the Muskingum Valley Normal School. At the age of sixteen he was granted a teacher's certificate and taught school for five years. Spending two years in preparatory work in Marietta Academy he entered Marietta College in the fall of 1886. He worked his way through and graduated from this institution in the classical course with honors in 1890, receiving the A. B. degree. Later

he received the A. M. degree from the same institution. In the public schools, the academy, and the college, he made most of his opportunities, being active in both Christian and literary work. During his senior year in college he was president of the Psi Gamma Literary Society, and chairman of the Oratorical Association.

¶Upon graduation from college his efforts were rewarded by his election to the superintendency of the public schools of Belpre, Ohio, and to the principalship of the high school. This was one of the best schools in Southeastern Ohio, and he proved his efficiency in the management of these schools. In 1892 his services were sought at Maryville as principal of the Preparatory Department, which he accepted. The next year the chair of Science and Art of Teaching was added to his work. He continued in this capacity until 1901, when he was elevated to the chair of Psychology and Political Science.

¶Dr. Barnes has done his graduate study in the University of Chicago, Cornell, and Wooster during the summer vacations. This summer work was begun in the University of Wooster, where he received his Ph. D., in 1900. In the summer of 1895 he began his study in the University of Chicago, where he has since spent five summers. The summer of 1901 was spent in Cornell University studying Experimental Psychology under Professor Titchener.

¶Dr. Barnes was elected a member of the Gamma Chapter of the Beta Kappa Society of Marietta College in 1890. In 1892 he was granted a life certificate by the State Board of School Examiners. He was made a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science in 1905. For several years he has served as deacon in the Presbyterian church, with which he united at the age of twenty.

¶This is the career, thus far, of one who has spent a life in faithful service, being promoted from time to time for his ability and integrity. And yet he is in the prime of life, fully prepared to impart his thorough knowledge and training to those who come

in contact with him. He is one of the most pleasing of men; kind and courteous to everyone and universally popular with faculty and students. The difficulties of the classroom are almost invariably bridged over by his cheerful disposition and affable manner. He is a man of strong Christian character, admirable personality, deep conviction, and a master in his chair. His opinion is never given without cool, deliberate, considerate thought, and when it is given the weight of conscience is behind it and it is worth the utmost consideration of all seeking knowledge.



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HENRY JEWELL BASSETT, '04

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Bachelor of Arts.

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MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE FACULTY.



AS the class of 1908 reach the stage of Seniority, it becomes their task and pleasure to submit to the public eye another number of THE CHILHOWEAN.

¶To the class of '06 belongs the honor of the institution of this custom so well established in the majority of our sister colleges. The first attempts in the direction of a publication that should endeavor to reflect, to some degree, the interests, occupations, and organizations of our student-body, were greeted with great enthusiasm by all those to whom their Alma Mater is dear. The initial number, although planned on no large scale, was well edited and met with the approval and support of not only the students, but the Alumni and friends of the College. As we think of this, our first College Annual, we feel justly proud of its success and realize that it in some measure filled a long-felt want in the hearts of the students.

¶As any project increases in age, it ordinarily improves and grows proportionately; hence it was with no surprise that we found the '07 CHILHOWEAN a great improvement over its predecessor. The engravings were better and the arrangement and outline much more praiseworthy.

¶The present Editorial Staff, in their endeavor to surpass both the former Year-books, have labored long and well over

this volume, which is to go down to College posterity as a memorial of the days of 1907-'08. It is, indeed, with pride that we finally present to you, dear reader, the consummation of our efforts and plans. We trust that you will find in its pages something worthy of your attention, and feel breathing through every line that devotion to our old College which every worthy record of a year's happenings must possess, if it is to be accorded a welcome in the hearts of college men and women, from whatever fondly cherished institution they come.

¶We have tried to present, in their true relation, the different phases and varied interests of college life and to revivify the spirit of loyalty and devotion to Old Maryville.

¶That our work may be viewed in the spirit of love and charity, with no desire to criticize the efforts of those who are, as yet, but amateurs, is the wish of the Editors as this volume may find its way into your hand.



SENIOR

1908





COLORS: Violet and White.

YELL

Rah! Rah! Rate!

We defy fate!

Senior! Senior! 1908!

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<i>Chairman Social Committee</i>	E. L. CLEMENS

MARY ALEXANDER, Latin, Maryville.

*"Her voice was soft, gentle, and low;
An excellent thing in woman."*

She began her schooldays at a British school in Japan. When a maiden of nine, she left the Land of Cherry Blossoms, and came to America, that her parents' Alma Mater might be hers. For two years, '06 in Maryville and '07 in Manchester, Ky., she swayed a birch sceptre with vigor and success. In the summer of 1907 she returned to Maryville College to graduate with the Class of '08. She is an accomplished violinist, of whom we are justly proud. Greediness is the only fault we can record against her. This did not appear until the opening of her Senior year. Then, when nearly all the grapes had been destroyed by the frosts of the preceding spring, and she was blessed with a whole Bunch, she did not offer to share with one of her classmates.

THERON ALEXANDER, English Literature, Maryville.

*"In framing an artist art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed."*

All class rivalry was laid aside and he came as a good angel to the classes of '06 and '07. He supplied their annuals with cartoons, which were a source of pride both to them and to the College. The experience prepared him to fill with success, which needs no comment, the position of Art Editor for the '08 CHILHOWEAN. He is one of the most loyal society men on the hill. His generosity is proverbial. Who has not heard him say, again and again, "It is yours, all yours. My own heart has been made glad, and I'll try my best to gladden yours."

ALICE ISABELLA CLEMENS, Latin, Caldwell, Idaho.

"A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful."

Her pedigree is like that of Topsy, she jes' growed. After some time spent at her Alma Mater she went West for a change of scene and occupation. At first, she was engaged in mission work in Utah. Later, she taught in the public schools of Idaho. In 1906 she returned to Maryville and took charge of the girls' Physical Culture classes. She knew a good thing when she saw it and decided to graduate with the Naughty Eights.

EDWARD LAMAR CLEMENS, Classical, Caldwell, Idaho.

*"And still they gazed and still their wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."*

Like young Lochinvar, he came out of the West. But how shall we say more? Sage and historian alike are baffled. Fair as Apollo, the best all-round athlete in College, ranking among the first in his class, and with it all, willing to work untiringly at whatever comes his way. The remainder is left to the reader's imagination.

HUNLEY ROY EASTERLY, Chemistry, Midway.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

When he was young, his fond parents discerned in him characteristics that promised great things for the financial world. So carefully was he trained and so marked was his development that at the first class-meeting of his Senior year the '08s made him their treasurer and tax-collector. He is "student enough," and his sterling worth has won for him the friendship and respect of all who know him. Space can't do him justice.



JAMES FLOYD EVANS, Mathematical, Evansville.

"He hath more business in a day than some men in a life-time."

A gay young graduate from Grandview Normal Institute appeared at Maryville College in 1905, and became one of the '09s. He cast aside his frivolity during the following year and joined the Juniors. Through their influence he has become a dignified Senior, Editor of the *College Monthly*, and the hard-headed Business Manager of the 1908 Annual. He is particularly gifted in separating poor students from their gold ducats. As a rule, he is unable to speak to preps. He is very fond of American beauties.

ERNEST MORRISON EWERS, Classical, Kirklin, Ind.

*"The world was sad; the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled."*

Though he has been with us nearly a year, no one has seen him smile or look at a girl. He rarely opens his mouth, and then only to close it again. Oft do we see him wander, silent and alone, across the campus. It is sad for one so young and full of promise to be so melancholy. He was given a place on the football team in the vain hope that athletics would draw him out of himself. The Athenians, with the same kindly thought, made him their president. We have learned upon careful investigation that this sad youth was reared upon the Shorter Catechism, hymn-books, and other churchly food. Believing as we do in the influence of environment, we think his unfortunate disposition is easily explained. Perhaps if there were some bright-haired girl to walk at his side on some of his solitary strolls, her magic might cheer him.

NELLIE RUTH FRANKLIN, English, Jefferson City.

"A maid of grace and complete majesty."

One November day her dark eyes flew open and she realized that she was. At a very tender age she was sent to Maryville College, for her parents were anxious she should have the best advantages the Southland afforded. Here she began the study of Masculine Human Nature. This line of work proved so interesting that she has made it her specialty. However, she has found time to win honor in athletics and to prove herself a faithful member of the Theta Epsilon Literary Society.

SARA ADELINE GODDARD, English Literature, Maryville.

*"Man for his glory to history flies,
While woman's bright story is told in her eyes."*

Sara Adeline was born at Bank, Tenn., April 3, (exact year unknown). She is a young lady whose talents promise much for the future glory of the Naughty Eights, if she continues her work with the same persistence shown by her during the years she has spent with her Alma Mater. Miss Goddard is graduated this year from the Expression Department.

ALMIRA ELIZABETH JEWELL, English Literature, Maryville.

*"Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,
For what I will, I will, and there an end."*

One who needed room to grow; so at the age of two she was transplanted to the wind-swept prairies of Kansas. In 1899 she was graduated from the high school at Moran, Kansas. For some time afterward she was numbered among the Kansas school-marms. Wearying of so strenuous a life, she returned to her native state and became a student at M. C. For four long years she has climbed the hill of knowledge with slow but patient steps.



PERCY HAMILTON JOHNSON, Political Science, Huntingdon.

"It is not good that man should be alone."

This man hails from West Tennessee, where the cotton grows. He came to us from Southern Normal University in the fall of 1906. During the past two years, Captain Johnson has been Commandant of the Military Department of Maryville College. He is so bashful that his friends never mention his virtues. They fear such painful embarrassment might cause heart-failure. But we feel it our duty to speak of one whom all lower classmen should cultivate. He never wearies in the struggle for more.

FLORA JOSEPHINE JONES, English Literature, Maryville.

"'Tis death to me to be at enmity."

The subject of our sketch has wielded the ferrule with success. We are informed upon good authority that it was during her school-teaching days at Rockford that she acquired the dignity and reserve that has clung to her throughout her college course. When the door closed on the gown hem of the last '07, the professors drew a long breath of relief and began to consider the possibilities of the would-be Seniors. On the whole, they found them a well-favored class. Only one thing was lacking, sufficient gravity. Like other mortals, the Faculty have their faults. But who can question their wisdom? In the fall, Miss Jones was added to the Seniors, and lo! the lump was leavened. She is a graduate of the '06 Expression Class.

EULA ANNA MAGILL, English Literature, Maryville.

"A very gentle one of good conscience."

Eula Anna Magill was born about two miles out in the country. Upon due consideration, it was decided by the illustrious

class of 1908 that there would be nothing particularly interesting or romantic in chronicling Miss Magill's good deeds and varied accomplishments. So we agreed to write down as many of her faults as her share of the page would permit. We sat down in a row, and began to think. We thought, and thought, and thought again. The darkness gathered; and still we racked our brains. The ringing of the supper-bell brought an inspiration. In the morning we should ask Professor Waller. But the Dean shook his head and sent us to Professor Barnes. After a day or two of investigation, we were directed to Mrs. Alexander. It was the same old story, and we were told to ask Professor Lyle. No one could help us and we could not help ourselves. We are sorry to disappoint our friends, but—

“The best laid plans of mice and men
Gang aft a-gley.”

MARGUERITE MCCLENAGHAN, Classical, Jamesburg, N. J.

*“She knew what's what, and that's as high
As Metaphysic wit can fly.”*

The baby of the class began life near Princeton, New Jersey, in the house in which a Revolutionary officer, who was wounded in the battle of Princeton, ended his part of the struggle for American independence. At the age of four she was sent to kindergarten. After this interesting period she attended the public schools of the town. When her parents removed to Asheville, N. C., she entered the Asheville Normal and Collegiate Institute. Here, during the first year, she won the distinction of being the meanest girl in school. During the three years following, by her toil and brilliant scholarship, she persuaded people to change their opinion of her. She came to Maryville and became one of the '09s in 1904. After a two years' siege she wearied of the Juniors and joined the '08s.



FLORENCE McMANIGAL, Latin, Logan, Ohio.

*"She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown."*

A gift from the Juniors, for which we wish to tender our thanks. She graduated from the Logan public schools in 1904. The following year was spent at Wooster. In the fall of 1906 she came to Maryville. Unassuming, kind, and unselfish, she is one of the most loved girls on the hill. It might be added in closing that she "is well read and well red."

FLORENCE CELIA MOORE, English Literature, Whitesburg.

*"Age cannot wither nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."*

Florence was born one cold Christmas day in the wild and woolly West. After being buffeted for two years by the Kansas winds she removed to the mountains of East Tennessee. When six years old, she entered school at the little village where she lived. Having completed the public school course, she spent one year at Tusculum. She arrived at M. C. in January, 1906, and became a member of the Expression Class of that year. She has a fondness for military tactics and brass buttons.

CHRISTOPHER VAN RENSSELAER RANKIN, Chemistry, Knoxville.

*"The man who consecrates his hours by
vigorous effort and an honest aim."*

Of course, there was no question as to who should be the Senior president of the class of 1908. His handsome face and

awe-inspiring manner set him apart for this honor far back in the days of prepdom. Never forgetful of the duties he was to perform, the faculty gave him special attention; the Baldwin girls refreshed him with their smiles; and college athletics gave him training of the best quality. And behold, the flower of dignity with which we are adorned.

VIRGINIA ESTELLE SNODGRASS, Latin, Maryville.

*"To business that we love we rise betimes,
And go to it with delight."*

The first few years of her life were passed at Atlanta, Georgia, and at Chattanooga, Tenn. She has attended school at Maury Academy and Maryville College. During her Junior year she was the winner in the young ladies' annual oratorical contest. As a student, she has been the delight of the professors and the pride of her class. May her success in college be only a promise of that which awaits her in the wide, wide world.

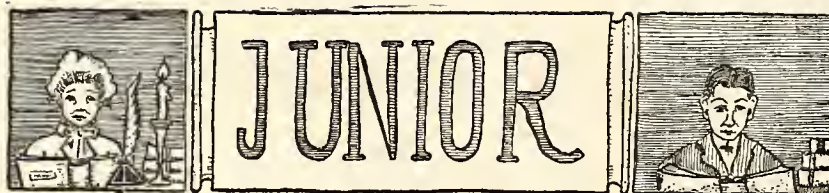
EMMA GILCHRIST WALLER, English Literature, Maryville.

*"For she is wise, if I can judge her,
And fair as she is, if that mine eye be true,
And true she is, as she hath proved herself."*

A fitting conclusion for so worthy a class. She is noted on the hill for her stability and the generous supply of common sense with which she is blessed. The Bainonian Literary Society will feel the loss of one who for years has been among its most faithful and efficient members. Could we turn sage we would prophecy that wherever she goes or whatever she does, she will prove to be "all wool, a yard wide, and warranted not to fade."

JUNIOR





COLORS: Crimson and White.

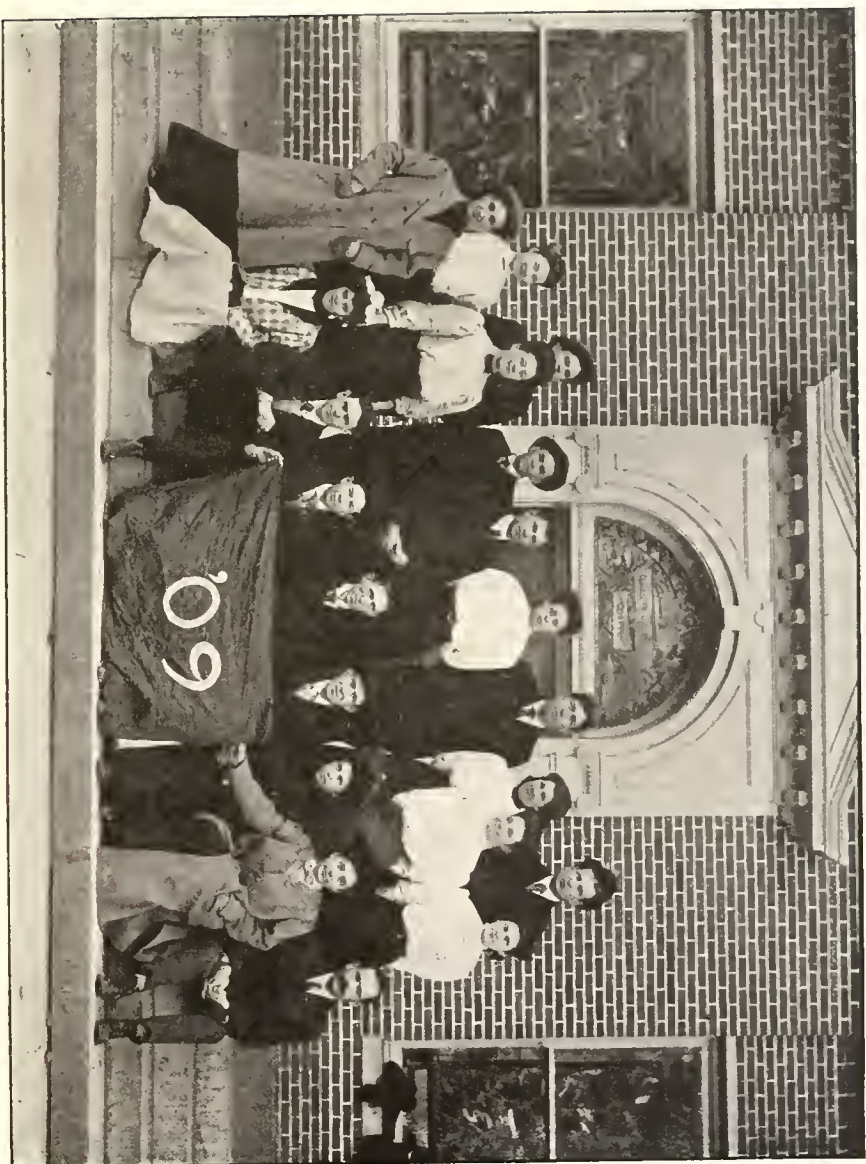
YELL

Rickety-rack! Rickety-russ!
What in the thunder's the matter with us?
Take a look and see the stuff!
We're it, and that's no bluff!
Vevo! Vivo! Heap moonshine!
Junior! Junior! 1909!

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NINETEEN-NINE

O H, memorable day! On that September morning in the year nineteen hundred and five, for the first time since he had assumed his office, Prexy forgot to deliver his beautifully outlined address on "The Limitations of Moonshine," Dean Waller so far forgot himself as to rub his nose, Prof. Bassett actually frowned and muttered "Mehercule" under his breath, and Prof. Lyon seemed to think that something of transcendent importance was taking place, since he was unable to reason without confusion clearly. And well might all this happen for the Naughty Nines, over fifty strong, were marching down the aisle to their chapel seats, the largest Freshman Class that has ever entered Maryville College.

¶And could they have pierced the veil of the future and caught a glimpse of the trouble that followed in the wake of this class, of the midnight watches, the bloody encounters, and the called meetings of the Faculty, the Professors might well have barred the portals of the College to this barbarian horde and kept the even tenor of their way by continuing to minister to the infantile wants of the decadent class of '08. But the die was cast, and they welcomed us in haste, to repent at leisure.

¶The first to rule over the destinies of this great class was "Horney Buck," he of football fame. He was a mighty man of valor, and in his reign the crimson and white flag floated in triumph, and the Sophomore class faded away into insignificance.

¶Then came Tom Fred, whose paternal cognomen is Campbell and ruled over them for a year. He was a bold, bad man and led the class into divers wickedness. Now there existed on College Hill a Freshman Class that spread itself like unto a green bay-tree. The same would debate with the Sophomores, but when the smoke of battle lifted, beyond the shadow of a doubt their name was Ichabod, and the crimson flag again floated triumphantly.

¶Then arose Ruth, the daughter of Samuel the Great, and reigned over the Naughty Nines, and she was a damsel gentle and fair to behold. And now they put away childish things and became dignified as befitted the Junior Class of Maryville College.

¶Here resteth the pen of the historian, and it remaineth for the vision of the prophet to forecast the doings of these mighty men and women when they shall have been Seniors and are at last turned loose on the unsuspecting and unprotected world.

JUNIOR ROLL.

ALMIRA C. BASSETT	Mathematical
J. AVERY BELL	Mathematical
CHAS. H. BUNCH	Political Science
F. A. CAMPBELL	Classical
THOMAS F. CAMPBELL	Latin
BETTIE M. DAVIS	Latin
HATTIE V. DAVIS	Latin
HARRIET EVANS	English Literature
SARAH FLAKE	Latin
MARY J. GODDARD	Latin
W. LESTER HALEY	Chemistry
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EMMA ETHEL MIDDLETON	English Literature
WILLIAM O. NAGLE	Classical
BERTHA PHILLIPS	English Literature
HOWARD PHILLIPS	Classical
FRANCIS E. PIERCY	English Literature
PAUL R. RADCLIFFE	English Literature
BURRELL O. RAULSTON	Chemistry
LAURA J. SILSBY	Classical
ALFRED THIBAUT	Chemistry
DUBOURG THIBAUT	Latin
EDGAR R. WALKER	Classical
RUTH B. WILSON	Classical



MEMORIAL



COLORS: Green and White.

YELL

Klickety-klack! Kalle-kawhack!

Lickety, Lackety, Len!

Hippitty-hack, all in a pack!

Bound for Nineteen Ten!

OFFICERS

President

A. A. SHEDDAN

Vice-President

WINIFRED STIVERS

Secretary

JAMES L. GOURLEY

Treasurer

J. M. SHARP

Historian

A. C. SAMSEL



NINETEEN-TEN

TO rescue from oblivion that which is valuable, to preserve and publish to the world that which is interesting, we record these things.

¶In the beginning we were Freshmen, but not so much so as the horde which now goes by that name. During this year we were, like all other college students, subject to the wise and the unwise acts which characterize humanity, of which we proved to be members. Beginning with our entrance upon this year, the class of 1910 began the different activities of college life, with zeal, energy and courage, which we have not seen equaled since. We furnished three men for the 'varsity football team, two for the basketball team, two for the baseball team, and one for the "co-ed" basketball team. We also furnished the president for the Athletic Association and the president of the Young Men's Christian Association.

¶Turning to the more important part of our career we find that the knowledge and experience of our first year have enabled us to attain greater successes. To review our athletic career would be a needless waste of time; consequently we need only mention the fact that we vainly challenged the combined forces of the Freshman and Junior classes for a game of football. Also, as we find it unnecessary to record our athletic career, we leave the records of the other organizations which our talented members have served as the only proof of our year's work.

¶As we look upon the past we are loath to leave it with its triumphs and its pleasures, but we pass into the future fearlessly, having gained confidence during the years that have witnessed the making of so noble a record. That the future, with its success already assured, may be all the more commendable, we hereby highly resolve that we will eclipse all previous records on athletic field, in class-room, in literary hall, and in the battle for the cause of right.

SOPHOMORE ROLL.

EVA ALEXANDER	Latin
W. DRURA ALLEN	Political Science
W. W. ASTLES	Greek
FRANK ATKINS	Political Science
HAZEL BLANKENSHIP	Latin
DAVID J. BRITTAIN	Classical
IVA T. BRYAN	Latin
KNOX BURGER	Mathematical
E. H. CALDWELL	Classical
ANNA BELLE CALLOWAY	English Literature
J. M. CAMPBELL	Political Science
JENNIE CRAWFORD	English
HUGH A. CRESWELL	Latin
JANE H. DICKSON	English Literature
LLOYD E. DYER	Mathematical
GLADDEN EWEERS	Mathematical
JAMES LEE GOURLEY	Classical
STEPHEN C. GUIGOU	Latin
VERA M. HALL	Latin
CLARICE E. HAWKINS	Classical
CHARLES F. HUNT	Mathematical
FLORINE HUNTER	English Literature
JAMES P. JEWELL	Classical
FRED M. LEWIS	Political Science
THOMAS E. MEASAMER	Classical
ADELAIDE E. MUECKE	Latin
JAMES A. PADGETT	Mathematical
RUBY C. PATTON	Latin
G. MERRIMON PAYNE	Classical
GRACE ROBERTSON	Latin
ARCHIE D. SABIN	Political Science
RUTH A. SALTZGAVER	Mathematical
ALBERT C. SAMSEL	Latin

JOHN M. SHARP	Mathematical
ARTHUR A. SHEDDAN	Mathematical
GEORGE REED SHELTON	Mathematical
JACKSON SMITH	English
WINIFRED STIVERS	Latin
ARMINDA TAYLOR	English Literature
CHARLES THIBAUT	Latin
C. W. TRICHE	Chemistry
LULA WEISGERBER	Latin
WILLIAM JOHN YOURD	Latin







COLORS: Purple and Gold.

YELL

Rip! Rah! Roo! Rip! Rah! Gee!
Riff! Rah! Riff! Rah! Riff! Ree!
Freshmen! Freshmen! of M. C.!

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	W. H. MARSH
<i>Vice-President</i>	MAUD McMURRY
<i>Secretary</i>	ROBERT BAKER
<i>Treasurer</i>	BLANCHE PROFFITT
<i>Historian</i>	EDWIN SLAGLE

NINETEEN-ELEVEN

AS the closing days of the past summer were emphasizing the rapid approach of matriculating time, President Wilson, surrounded by his staff, sat in his office wondering what the next few days would bring forth. Sending Prof. Bassett to the bell tower, he bade him look over the land. He went up and looked, and said, "There is nothing." And he said, "Go again seven times." And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, "Behold, there ariseth a cloud in the north, as small as a man's hand." Rapidly, from the Palisades of the Hudson, the Everglades of Florida, the Hills of Indiana, and the Cotton Fields of Mississippi, the cloud approached, and on the third of September the vanguard of the Class of '11 laid siege to College Hill.

¶The Doctor shook hands all round and said, "The best yet." The Dean rubbed his face and smiled as he thought of their struggles for the mastery of Trig, and, what is of more importance, "the invaluable drill."

¶The Sophomores! Why, they sat up and took notice. With untiring zeal they patrolled the campus, lest some stray Freshman trail their ensign in the dust.

¶But these campus receptions are but a small portion of our field of activity. We, the last but not the least, hold our own in every organization on the Hill. In athletics, the literary societies, and the Christian organizations our worth was early appreciated.

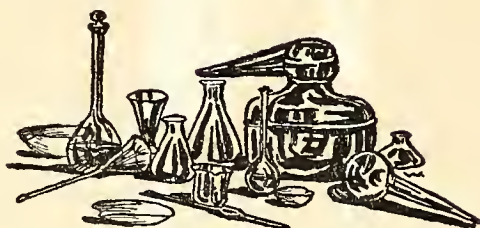
¶With old gold and purple at the masthead we have finished the first lap and feel that we have not run in vain. Eagerly awaiting the time, not far distant, when the President's greeting, "the best yet," will be repeated as a benediction, we stick to our daily duties, and step by step approach the coveted goal.



FRESHMAN ROLL.

JAMES C. ALEXANDER	Mathematical
ROBERT R. BAKER	Mathematical
CHARLES T. BARTON	Classical
ALFRED A. BLAKENEY	Latin
LOUIS J. BOSHEARS	Mathematical
ITA A. BROADY	Latin
HULDAH H. BROWN	Latin
ALLEN G. CLEAVER	Mathematical
S. EARLE CRAWFORD	English Literature
HENRY R. DUNCAN	Latin
ALVIN HUGH FILLERS	Latin
CLARENCE M. FRANKLIN	Latin
EUSTIS J. FRAZIER	Teachers'
LULA I. GIBBS	English
LELIA L. GRAHAM	Latin
WINNIE BELLE GRAY	Teachers'
ROSE HACKLEY	Latin
RAY H. HINSON	Latin
PAUL B. HUNT	Latin
WALTER B. HUNT	Mathematical
RUTH JEWELL	Mathematical
NELLIE F. JOHNSTON	English Literature
ANNA E. KIDDER	Latin
WILLIAM W. KIMSEY	English
MARIE V. KIRKPATRICK	English Literature
NELLIE R. KIRKPATRICK	English Literature
ELLA McCAMPBELL	Latin
FREDERICK L. McCLURE	Classical
N. MAUD McMURRY	Latin
M. TIRZAH MAGILL	Latin
WALLACE H. MARSH	Classical
OLGA A. MARSHALL	Latin
GEORGE W. MIDDLETON	Mathematical

E. GERTRUDE NEEDHAM	Latin
ALFRED A. POST	Latin
RALPH H. POWDER	Mathematical
A. BLANCHE PROFFITT	English Literature
JOSEPH M. RANKIN	Classical
AUDIE L. RIGHTSSELL	Teachers'
BEATRICE RUTHERFORD	Classical
EDWIN K. SLAGLE	Classical
E. GRACE SMITH	Latin
J. BURNETTE SMITH	Chemistry
RENA STRINGHAM	Classical
JANCER TWEED	Latin
SALLIE WATT	Latin
NORA WARDREP	English
S. RANDOLPH WILLIAMS	English
S. ROLAND WILLIAMS	English
G. THOMAS WILSON	Political Science
AMOS WOLFE	English



THE LITERARY SOCIETIES



BAINONIAN

COLORS: Green and White.

MOTTO

Volamus alis nostris.

"We fly with our own wings."

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	FLORENCE McMANIGAL
<i>Vice-President</i>	NAN MANESS
<i>Secretary</i>	NELLIE PICKENS
<i>Treasurer</i>	JENNIE CRAWFORD



BALANONIAN MIDWINTER PARTICIPANTS.

BAINONIAN—that's the society that "goes."

ALIVE—that's what you would think if you'd visit their meetings.

INDEPENDENT—that's what the treasurer is glad to report.

NEVER-FAILING—that's shown by the way each girl does her appointed work.

ORIGINAL—that's evident from their stories and poems.

NUMEROUS—that's what both roll and attendance show.

INGENIOUS—that's what everybody says after a midwinter.

ARTISTIC—that's what their posters are every week.

NOTEWORTHY—that's what they are in every respect.

THETA EPSILON

“Away the winged years have flown
To join the mass of ages gone,
Yet now days, weeks, and months but seem
The recollection of a dream;
So still we glide down to the sea
Of fathomless eternity.”

¶A few years ago a group of girls, recognizing the value of literary training and realizing from the experience of the young men in the College the advantage of having two literary societies, decided to organize a second society for young ladies. Nineteen hundred eight finds the Theta Epsilon Society still achieving the noble purposes for which it was organized a few years ago.

¶Viewed from every standpoint the Thetas have an admirable career; from the date of their founding until the present time the Society has made continual progress toward its worthy ideals, and time has wrought no change save advancement and strength of added years.

¶We cannot boast of length of years or the number of alumnae, but after all the essential test of a society is what it is to-day and what kind of members have left it, be they many or few. The girls who have gone forth from our ranks are living faithful, helpful lives of service in the home, the schoolroom, wherever they may be—better women, we trust, for the months



THETA EPSILON QUARTET.

spent in Theta Epsilon, and as they grow older, learning more and more the truth of "she conquers who endures."

¶[Courage, devotion, learning, administrative ability, heroic deportment, and every rare quality of the heart we seek to develop, and we are continually challenged by the achievements of those who in years gone have occupied these halls and whose lives call out to us to do our best.

Some day, we too, shall pass on,
But while we work we trust that
Through love, through hope, through faith's
transcendent dower,
Something from our hands have power
To live and act and serve the future hour."

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	LUCIA GLASGOW
<i>Vice-President</i>	LULA WEISGERBER
<i>Secretary</i>	CLARICE HAWKINS
<i>Treasurer</i>	HATTIE DAVIS

ALPHA SIGMA

SENIOR SECTION OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	AVERY BELL
<i>Vice-President</i>	ROBERT BAKER
<i>Treasurer</i>	ROLAND WILLIAMS
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	HOWARD PHILLIPS
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	JANCER TWEED

Censors

E. L. CLEMENS	J. L. GOURLEY
A. C. SAMSEL	

SENIOR SECTION ROLL

W. D. ALLEN	P. H. JOHNSON
HUGH ANDERSON	FRED LEWIS
ROBERT BAKER	W. H. MARSH
C. T. BARTON	F. L. MCCLURE
AVERY BELL	T. E. MEASAMER
L. J. BOSHEARS	GEORGE MIDDLETON
C. H. BUNCH	J. A. PADGETT
J. M. CAMPBELL	G. M. PAYNE
F. A. CAMPBELL	H. B. PHILLIPS
T. F. CAMPBELL	PAUL RADCLIFFE
A. G. CLEAVER	B. O. RAULSTON
E. L. CLEMENS	A. D. SABIN
L. E. DYER	A. C. SAMSEL
H. R. EASTERLY	J. M. SHARP
J. F. EVANS	A. A. SHEDDAN
A. H. FILLERS	E. K. SLAGLE



ALPHA SIGMA MIDWINTER PARTICIPANTS.

J. L. GOURLEY
S. C. GUIGOU
W. L. HALEY
H. HAMMONTREE
PAUL HUNT
W. B. HUNT

J. S. SMITH
ROME TAKEMEI
EDGAR WALKER
ROLAND WILLIAMS
G. T. WILSON
JOHN YOURD

JUNIOR SECTION ROLL

LOWRY AXLEY
FRANK BOLT
IRWIN BRENGLE
J. A. BURNETT
AMOS BUTLER
LELAND CARSON
ARTHUR CATLETT
ASA CONDRA
ALBERT CONDRA
EUGENE CONDRA
ALONZO CLARK
A. W. BOSHEARS
FRED DROCHELMANN
BLAINE DUGGAN
ORTON DUGGAN
FRANK FIELDEN
MICHAEL FRÜH
HARRISON HENRY
HORACE HENRY
A. G. HINKLE
THOMAS HODGES
M. T. JEFFERS
W. W. KIMSEY
FRED KREIDER
FRANK LAVERNIA

A. E. LEDGERWOOD
RALPH LLOYD
SEL MILLSAPS
S. W. MCCULLOCH
E. E. MCCURRY
HOLTON MCDANELL
C. T. MURRAY
VAUGHN NICELY
GEORGE NORCROSS
MENOS PAUL
EDWARD PETERS
HENRY POPE
ENOCH RAMSEY
LUTHER RANKIN
ALBERT RENFRO
ADOLPHUS RICE
J. G. SIMS
W. O. SCHORLE
CHARLES SUSONG
S. E. WALLIN
RHEA WELLS
DECK WILLIAMS
B. A. WRIGHT
F. B. WRIGHT
H. N. WRIGHT

ATHENIAN

¶The old Athenian owl has ever been a reserved and retiring bird. Consistent with his race he is nocturnal in his habits and he also confines his appearances to one night—Friday. Every Friday night his great, solemn eyes open upon an impressive assembly of fellows gathered in Athenian Hall. There, perched upon the book-case, like a sage, he sits while some Athenian with ink-stained fingers and touselled hair reads a poem of his own inspiration—or perspiration. There he sits and listens with solemn mien to the frenzied orators in the debates; there from his elevated point of vantage he passes judgment upon the Athenian oratory and literary productions of whatsoever kind, with satisfaction and pride. Well he knows that silver tongues still exist and do not all lie buried in the soil of ancient Greece with centuries enrolled since they stirred the hearts of their fellow-men.

¶He is an old bird, as birds go. He first became the emblem of the Athenian Literary Society in 1868, and since then he has been unfailing in his enthusiasm for literary work. What a tale of unbounded interest to the present generation of Athenians he could relate! He is a discreet bird or he might tell of President Wilson's maiden speech when he was a member of the Athenian—how he sallied forth to do battle in debate and how his knees trembled and smote one against the other, and how his hand shook his manuscript until he could hardly read it. How many Freshmen to-day could sympathize with that part of his story! He could tell, too, of the first humiliating efforts of many another man who was an Athenian in those days, who, like President Wilson, have since made their names great and the world better for their having lived in it. But he is, as we have said, a discreet bird. If for a few minutes he could lay aside



ATHLETIC MIDWINTER PARTICIPANTS.

that grave reticence, what a moral he could unfold, what an inspiration and hope he could engender in the breast of the newest, greenest Athenian! But with a solemn and deprecating claw he scratches his knowing head and leaves us to quote for ourselves from Shakespeare (?)

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.”

¶The years have witnessed vicissitudes in the society. When the Athenian Owl first accepted his responsibilities, the society was ornamented with the co-eds from Baldwin, and their sweet voices were heard in the Hall reciting with tragic effectiveness, “Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight,” “Maude Muller,” and other interesting things. But the Faculty—wisely, shall we say?—assisted the co-eds to form a society of their own, and with a tear of regret—in which he was heartily joined by others—the Athenian owl saw them depart.

¶But all that was in the dim, distant ages of long ago. What of to-day? The color-scheme of the Hall is crimson, which is the Athenian color. A double row of chairs circles the room in the shape of a great crescent, between the horns of which is the rostrum. This is where the society still meets on Friday nights, and the old Athenian owl still looks down upon stirring scenes and winks one solemn eye as he looks forward into the bright and glorious future of the oldest organization on College Hill.

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	E. M. EWERS
<i>Vice-President</i>	G. R. SHELTON
<i>Secretary</i>	A. A. BLAKENEY
<i>Chairman Program Committee</i>	W. O. NAGLE
<i>Chairman Music Committee</i>	J. M. RANKIN
<i>Librarian</i>	H. A. CRESWELL
	<i>Censors</i>
C. R. RANKIN	W. W. ASTLES

SOCIETY QUARTETS

ATHENIAN.

GEORGE SHELTON	1st Tenor
HUGH CRESWELL	2d Tenor
THERON ALEXANDER	Baritone
HARRY RAINEY	Bass

ALPHA SIGMA

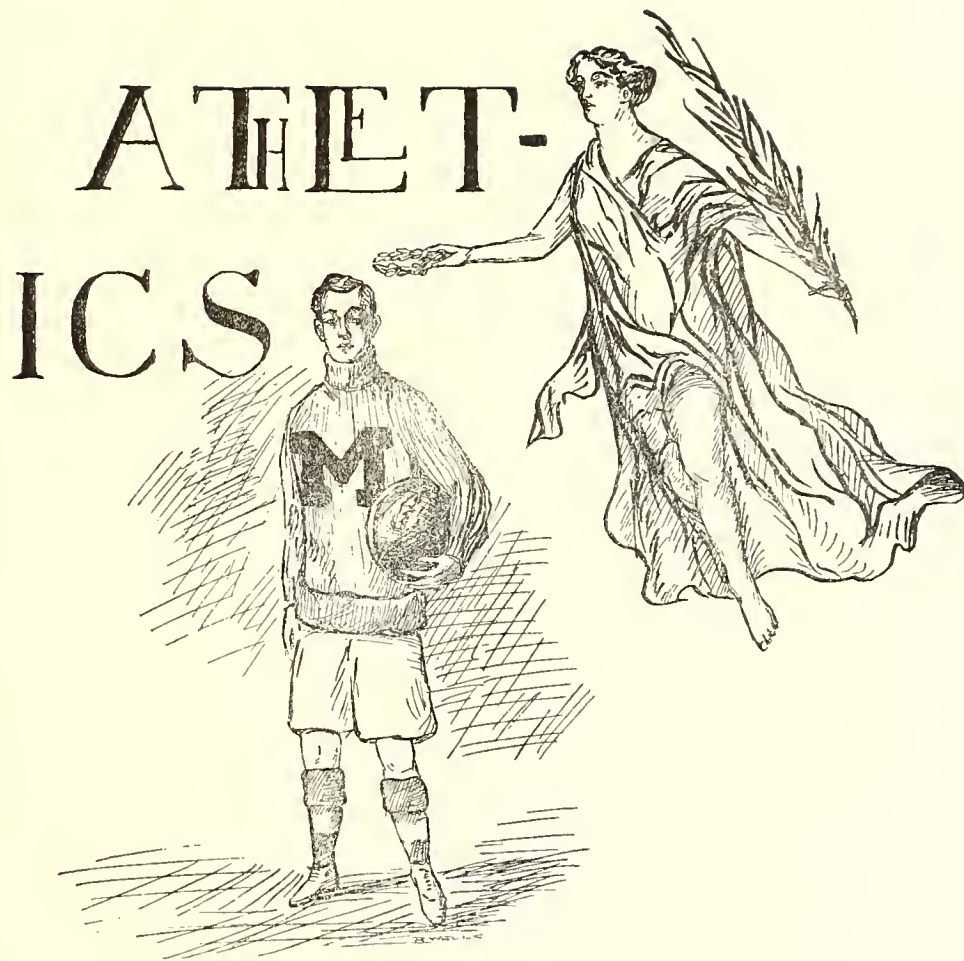
JAMES GOURLEY	1st Tenor
HOMER HAMMONTREE	2d Tenor
STEPHEN GUIGOU	Baritone
EDWARD CLEMENS	Bass

BAINONIAN

VERA HALL	1st Soprano
EMILY HALL	2d Soprano
IVA BRYAN	1st Alto
RUBY PATTON	2d Alto

THETA EPSILON

LORENA BALLARD	1st Soprano
LUCIA GLASGOW	2d Sopano
MAUD McMURRY	1st Alto
BELLE GRAY	2d Alto



WEARERS OF THE "M"

FOOTBALL

W. D. ALLEN	H. HAMMONTREE
ROY ANDERSON	C. F. HUNT
H. E. BARR	L. D. HUNT
E. L. CLEMENS	RALPH POWDER
C. E. EWERS	A. C. SAMSEL
JOHN GODBEY	P. C. SAMSEL
JOHN GRAVES	J. S. SMITH

BASKETBALL

C. BONHAM	B. O. RAULSTON
C. F. HUNT	A. C. SAMSEL
C. R. RANKIN	D. THIBAUT

BASEBALL

R. S. ADAMS	M. HUFFAKER
C. E. DOERR	ROY HUFFAKER
F. A. ELMORE	JOHN NAFF
L. E. FOSTER	C. SILVERS
A. E. GRIFFIN	J. R. SHARP

D. THIBAUT

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	JACKSON SMITH
<i>Vice-President</i>	A. C. SAMSEL
<i>Secretary</i>	H. HAMMONTREE
<i>Treasurer</i>	H. C. SOUDER
<i>Official Buyer</i>	C. R. RANKIN

FACULTY REPRESENTATIVES

DR. S. T. WILSON	PROF. M. H. GAMBLE
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STUDENT REPRESENTATIVES

MISS FLORENCE MOORE	PERCY H. JOHNSON
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TOWN REPRESENTATIVES

DR. J. A. McCULLOCH	ED. HARPER
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MANAGERS

Football	CHAS. H. BUNCH
Basketball	C. R. RANKIN
Baseball	B. O. RAULSTON
Tennis	J. FLOYD EVANS

FOOTBALL



¶ True success is not measured by victories won, but by difficulties overcome. Judged by this standard the team of '07 ranks well with any that has ever been sent out from Maryville College to contest on the white-lined gridiron. The greatest blow came to the team when the captain and manager failed to return and a new team had to be organized with only three of last year's team here.

¶ Coach Dickson is to be congratulated upon the way in which he took the new men and from them, although met by many disheartening mishaps, gradually produced a team which compared favorably with the teams of the past. Although every game but one in the first of the season was lost, in the closing games the team proved their ability to play excellent ball, making plain the fact that they had only needed training and reflecting credit upon the efficient coaching they had received.

Coach

Manager

Captain

REID S. DICKSON

REID S. DICKSON

CHARLES F. HUNT

LINE-UP

L. HUNT

RALPH POWDER

JOHN GRAVES

C. F. HUNT

JAMES BURNETT

Left end

Left end

Right end

Quarter-back

Right half-back



W. D. ALLEN	Right tackle
A. C. SAMSEL	Left tackle
JOHN GODBEY	Full-back
C. E. EWERS	Full-back
E. L. CLEMENS	Left half-back
H. E. BARR	Left half-back
HOMER HAMMONTREE	Right guard
ROY ANDERSON	Center
P. C. SAMSEL	Right tackle
JACKSON SMITH	Left guard

RECORD

Sept. 28—Maryville 32	Harriman 0
Oct. 5—Maryville 0	University Alabama 17
Oct. 7—Maryville 0	Ala, Polytechnic Inst. 29
Oct. 9—Maryville 0	Clemson 34
Oct. 18—Maryville 15	Harriman 0
Nov. 11—Maryville 2	Kentucky State College 5
Nov. 28—Maryville 12	Bingham 6

SECOND TEAM

¶During the season of '07 the "scrubs" did splendid work both in games with the 'Varsity and in match games. They succeeded more than once in scoring on the 'Varsity, and much of the improvement of the team is due to the fact that the second team fought their superiors with so much determination and vim. Some of the men who began as "scrubs" were promoted before the end of the season and played the last games with the 'Varsity, while several others have bright prospects for making next year's team.

ALFRED THIBAUT, Manager

VOLLIE BRIGHT, Captain	CARL PATTON
CHARLES DOERR	GREEN WOLFE
NOBLE WRIGHT	A. A. SHEDDAN
S. E. WALLIN	E. K. SLAGLE
S. C. GUIGOU	J. L. GOURLEY
STANLEY DAY	SWAN HAMILTON



¶Our season in Basketball has been up to the usual high standard of Maryville, although we have missed some of the old men very much. There being plenty of material to pick from, a good team was at work in the gymnasium as soon as the whistle was silent on the gridiron, and with the old veteran, C. R. Rankin, as center, as captain, this team has been a steady winner.

¶To every member of the team, but especially to our captain, credit is due. The team has had no coach, and what instruction the team has had has been that given by "Old Eph" Rankin, who acted also as coach of the girls' teams during the past season.

¶Our ball has been fast and clean, as Maryville's basketball always is, and both team and students feel a just pride in the team's record.

Captain
Manager

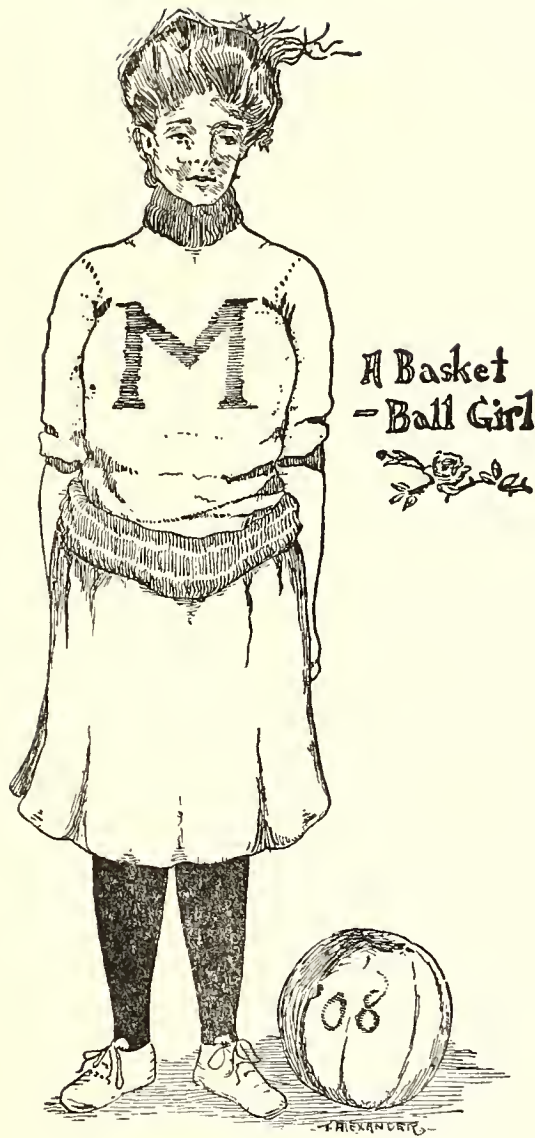
C. R. RANKIN
E. L. CLEMENS

LINE-UP

C. R. RANKIN
P. C. SAMSEL
A. C. SAMSEL

Center
Left forward
Left guard





D. THIBAUT	Left guard
HYDER E. BARR	Right forward
CARL BONHAM	Right forward
B. O. RAULSTON	Right guard
C. F. HUNT	Right guard
JAMES BURNETT	Right guard

RECORD

Maryville 57	Central High School 28.
Maryville 68	Deaf and Dumb School 37.
Maryville 102	Baker-Himel 23.
Maryville 42	Knoxville Y. M. C. A. 24.
Maryville 44	U. T. Freshmen 26.

SECOND TEAM

LINE-UP

P. C. SAMSEL, Captain	Left guard
JOHN CLARK	Right forward
ROBERT BAKER	Center
J. R. SHARP	Right guard
EDGAR WALKER	Left forward

RECORD

Maryville Scrubs 25	Knoxville High School 31.
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GIRLS' BASKETBALL

<i>Manager</i>	FLORENCE MOORE
<i>Captain</i>	GLADDEN EWERS

LINE-UP

GRACE SMITH	Center
NELL FRANKLIN	Right forward
RUTH WILSON	Left forward
SALLIE WATT	Right guard
GLADDEN EWERS	Left guard

RECORD

Maryville 9	University of Tennessee 6.
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BASEBALL



¶The students of this College have always taken a very great interest in all branches of athletics and particularly in baseball. On the diamond, as well as on the gridiron, the representatives of the Orange and Garnet have met and defeated some of the strongest teams in the South and in all these cases have won the highest commendation for their manly conduct and excellent spirit of sportsmanship, as well as for their ability as baseball players.

¶The many years of persistent effort of an enthusiastic student-body have reared a standard of efficiency which stands as an inspiration to those who now strive to claim the honor of 'Varsity men. There was nothing in the 1907 season's record to detract from the success of the past.

Coach
Manager
Captain

REID S. DICKSON
FRANK E. TAYLOR
LLOYD E. FOSTER

THE TEAM

Catcher
Pitcher
Pitcher
First Base
Second Base
Third Base
Third Base
Short Stop
Right Field
Center Field
Left Field

L. E. FOSTER
C. SILVERS
M. HUFFAKER
A. E. GRIFFIN
C. E. DOERR
R. S. ADAMS
D. THIBAUT
F. A. ELMORE
R. HUFFAKER
J. M. SHARP
J. M. NAFF

STANDING TRACK RECORDS

BASEBALL THROW

S. R. NEWMAN, 124 yards (1905).

ONE-HUNDRED-YARD DASH

O. R. MAGILL, 10 1-5 seconds (1905).

PUTTING SIXTEEN-POUND SHOT

J. L. JONES, 36 feet, 4 inches.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP

E. L. CLEMENS, 20 feet, 2 3-4 inches.

ONE-MILE RUN

W. A. FREIDINGER, 4 minutes, 58 3-5 seconds.

STANDING BROAD JUMP

T. W. BELK, 10 feet, 5 1-4 inches.

HALF-MILE RUN

A. C. TEDFORD, 2 minutes, 25 3-5 seconds.

HIGH JUMP

E. L. CLEMENS, 5 feet, 6 3-4 inches.

RELAY RACE

Class of 1903, 4 minutes, 8 4-5 seconds.

POLE VAULT

E. L. CLEMENS, 10 feet, 2 inches.

FORTY-YARD DASH

W. S. GREEN and D. McDONALD, 5 seconds.

SIXTEEN-POUND HAMMER THROW

S. R. NEWMAN, 101 feet, 7 inches.

DISCUS THROW

T. JENNINGS, 102 feet, 1 inch.

ONE-HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-YARD HURDLE

R. L. HOUSTON, 20 seconds.

QUARTER-MILE RUN

J. R. CLARK, 55 4-5 seconds.



RELIGIOUS



ORGANIZATIONS

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

¶The devotional meetings of the Association this year have been noted for their unusually good attendance and the interest manifested by each member.

¶A small library has been established in the Reading-room of Baldwin Hall, where the girls may gather to read on Sabbath afternoons.

¶Two Bible Study classes have been organized, "The Life of Christ," taught by Miss Caldwell, and "The Life of Paul," taught by Mrs. Lyle.

¶Under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. two entertainments were given, one by the Music and Expression departments, the other by Henry Lawrence Southwick, Dean of Emerson College of Oratory, Boston.

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	ESTELLE SNODGRASS
<i>Vice-President</i>	NELLIE McCAMPBELL
<i>Secretary</i>	BETTIE DAVIS
<i>Treasurer</i>	EMMA MIDDLETON

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Devotional	NAN MANESS
Membership	NELLIE McCAMPBELL
Social	FLORENCE McMANIGAL
Music	BELLE GRAY
Bible Study	NELLIE JOHNSTON
Mission Study	ALMIRA JEWELL



Y. W. C. A. CABINET.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

¶Since its organization, nearly thirty years ago, by a band of young men who wished to provide some agency for the deepening of the spiritual atmosphere of the College, The Young Men's Christian Association has been a potent influence for good in the school. Few Associations in the South are better organized and equipped for service; none enter more intimately into relation with the student life and work. There is no phase of college activity on the hill but its leaders are prominent in the Association work. Its membership includes a majority of the college men. The Association is housed in one of the first and finest Association buildings in the South. Last and not least, the Association work for the past year has kept pace with the forward progress of the work of the entire College.

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	HOMER A. HAMMONTREE
<i>Vice-President</i>	WILLIAM W. ASTLES
<i>Secretary</i>	BURRELL O. RAULSTON
<i>Treasurer</i>	ARTHUR A. SHEDDAN

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

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Missionary	EDWARD W. LODWICK
Membership	HOWARD B. PHILLIPS
Music	JACKSON S. SMITH
Social	EDGAR R. WALKER
Bible Study	WALLACE H. MARSH

MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	W. H. MARSH
<i>Vice-President</i>	E. K. SLAGLE
<i>Secretary</i>	T. F. CAMPBELL

MEMBERS

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C. T. BARTON	W. H. MARSH
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F. A. CAMPBELL	W. O. NAGLE
T. F. CAMPBELL	G. W. NORCROSS
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J. L. GOURLEY	E. K. SLAGLE
W. A. HAMMAN	S. E. WALLIN

B. A. WRIGHT



Y. M. C. A. CABINET.



GRADUATES EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT

ANNABELLE CALLAWAY	ANNIE LORD
BETTIE DAVIS	RUBY PATTON
HATTIE DAVIS	SALLIE WATT
SARA GODDARD	AMOS WOLFE

GRADUATES MUSIC DEPARTMENT

MARY JACKSON	Piano
GRACE SAMPLE	Piano
ESTELLE SNODGRASS	Voice
EMMA WALLER	Piano



EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT.
Instructor and Graduates.
(21)



MUSIC DEPARTMENT.
Graduates.
(22)

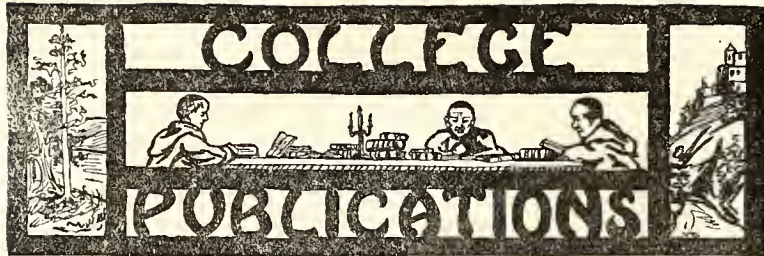
PREPDOM



SENIOR PREPARATORY ROLL

LOY M. ALEXANDER	Latin
HUGH M. ANDERSON	Latin
JUANITA BADGETT	Latin
WILLAMETTE BAYS	Latin
CARL R. BOLTON	English
IRWIN BRENGLE	Latin
EARL W. BROWN	Latin
LUCILE CAWOOD	Classical
JOHN T. CLARK	English
RAYMOND CURE	Latin
JAMES LUTHER DAVIS	English
CHARLES F. DOERR	English
NELLIE F. DUNCAN	Latin
ERNESTINE FEHLER	English
LULA CATES GEORGE	Latin
LUCIA MAY GLASGOW	Music
VOLTA F. GODDARD	Mathematical
JOHN L. GRAVES	Latin
JENNIE M. HADDOX	English Literature
ESTHER SARAH HOPE	English
WILLIAM J. HOWARD	Latin
C. ANNA IRWIN	English
MARY B. JACKSON	Latin
IRENE JONES	English
GEORGE H. KETCHUM	Latin
OVA KINNAMON	English
WALTER P. LEE	Latin

ALVIN LOHR	English
ROY B. LOWRY	English
BRONCE F. McCLAIN	Latin
JOHN C. McCONNELL	Latin
STELLA McCULLOCH	English
JESSIE McCULLY	Latin
HARRY T. McDORMAN	Classical
FRED C. MCGINLEY	Latin
R. D. McMAHON	English
CONSTANCE McREYNOLDS	English
ADAM MAND	Mathematical
HAMILTON S. MANTOOTH	English
WALTER T. MARTIN	English
JAMES MAXEY	English
LEON Z. MIRZAYAN	Chemistry
CLYDE T. MURRAY	Mathematical
MAY NUCHOLS	Latin
MENOS J. PAUL	Mathematical
ALICE BELLE PICKENS	English
CHARLES C. PROFFITT	English
HARRY C. RAINEY	English Literature
ENOCH J. RAMSEY	Latin
AVERY REAGAN	English
SAMUEL T. ROSS	Latin
JOHN T. SHELTON	Mathematical
J. GRANVILLE SIMS	Political Science
DICK E. SMARTT	Latin
ARTHUR C. SMITH	Classical
BEULAH L. SMITH	Latin
MAE D. SMITH	Teachers'
S. ELDRIDGE WALLIN	Classical
DORA WILLIAMS	Teachers'
OLIVE M. WILSON	Latin
GREEN WOLFE	English



MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY.

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ALMIRA C. BASSETT	<i>Bainonian</i>
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THE CHILHOWEAN.

The College Year-book.

Published by members of the Senior Class.

THE HAND-BOOK.

Published Annually by the Christian Associations.

THE BULLETIN.

Published Quarterly.

Official publication of the College, the first number of which
is the College Catalogue.



EDITORS COLLEGE MONTHLY.

COLLEGE MUSIC

QUARTET.

EDWIN W. HALL	1st Tenor
HOMER A. HAMMONTREE	2d Tenor
JAMES L. GOURLEY	Baritone
EDWARD L. CLEMENS	Basso

GLEE CLUB.

ANDERSON	GUIGOU	PROFFITT
CRESWELL	HAMMONTREE	RAINEY
DUGGAN	LOHR	SHELTON
EWERS	MAND	SMITH
GAMBLE	MEASAMER	WILLIAMS
GOURLEY	NORCROSS	

CHORISTERS.

Sopranos.

MISS BALLARD	MISS HALL	MRS. RADCLIFFE
MISS CRAWFORD	MISS MAGILL	MISS SALTZGAVER
MISS DIXON	MISS McMURRY	MISS SAMPLE
MISS GLASGOW	MISS MOORE	MISS SNODGRASS

Altos.

MISS BRYAN	MISS JACKSON	MISS NEWMAN
MISS EWERS	MISS JOHNSTON	MISS RUTHERFORD
MISS GRAY	MISS McCAMPBELL	

Tenors.

CLARK	GOURLEY	PROFFITT
CRESWELL	HAMMONTREE	SHELTON
GAMBLE	LOHR	WALKER

Basses.

ALEXANDER	EASTERLY	JEWELL
BRIGHT	EWERS	MEASAMER
CLEMENS	HIXSON	RAINEY
DUGGAN	HUDDLESTON	SMITH
		WALLIN

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER.

3. Greeting both old and new students with the cheering sounds—

“How-wee-how !
Chil-how-wee !”

4. Registration Day—Everything has a green appearance.
6. Faculty Reception.
7. Unpacking trunks.
8. A Baldwinite heaved a sigh and wiped her eye.
10. Old girls discuss new girls and *vice versa*.
13. Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Receptions.
16. Senior Meeting—Welcome to the “brother” Senior.
17. Rules, more rules.
19. Prof. Basset forgot his umbrella.
20. Recitations.
23. New girls discuss their “hits.”
28. Football Game.

OCTOBER

2. New girls feel themselves full-fledged “old girls.”
3. New “cases” rapidly developing.
5. “The Eleven” leave for Southern trip.
6. Eleven fair damsels “missing”—?
8. Prof. Barnes’ cow died.
9. Miss Mollie interprets Baldwin rules.
10. Cramming.
15. “Examining”—alas!



20. Same old thing, working hard to keep from studying.
22. Corduroy trousers appear on campus.
23. Lecture—Only four hours long.

NOVEMBER.

4. "The Eleven" meet Dahlonga on field.
5. Seniors entertained by Prof. and Mrs. Mathes.
8. Chapel talk on Geography, by Prof. Lyon.
9. Baldwin girls have a spread.
11. "The Eleven" play Kentucky State College eleven on campus.
15. Seniors entertained at Baldwin.
22. Theta Epsilon annual entertainment.
27. Let me leave Baldwin, if I can!
28. Thanksgiving Day—Joy—Turkey, Parties galore.
29. Turn back, turn back. Oh time, just for one day—I want some more turkey.

DECEMBER.

3. Study again.
5. Only twenty days until Christmas.
7. Mr. Hammontree sings a solo.
10. Life becomes a little bit "boorish."
13. Everybody goes to put out fire.
14. Dean Waller Absent—Weeps over fire.
15. Dean Waller grows thin.
16. Crammination.
18. Examination.
19. "Freshies" see visions of Santa Claus.

JANUARY.

2. Everybody ready for work again.
3. Faculty Reception.
4. Comparing holiday "notes" in Baldwin.
5. "Same."
9. Basketball game vs. Knoxville Y. M. C. A.

10. Mary Alexander at chapel on time.
13. Lyceum—DeArmond Quartet.
15. Frosty morning.
16. First basketball team plays U. T. Freshmen team. Second team plays Knoxville High School boys.
19. Smallpox in town.
20. Vaccination—"Oh take my other arm, please!"
22. Wheelbarrow brigade leaves South Maryville—afraid of smallpox.
28. Mrs. Alexander plays hookey on her "Europe in 19th Century."

FEBRUARY.

1. Dr. Gamble, en route to Baldwin, blown away.
3. Men may come, and men may go, but Tom Campbell goes on forever.
4. Chapel—Dean Waller talked on "Panics," Prof. Lyon an example.
5. "Nothing doing."
6. Chapel—Dr. Barnes talked on "Political Psychology."
7. Sophomore girls feast at Baldwin. A howling success—so much to eat—can't mention it—only give you (Freshies) an idea: Sandwiches, chicken salad, pickles, Waldorf salad, olives, gelatine, cake, bonbons and coffee. Poor Freshmen!
9. Beginning of Annual Meetings. Leader Dr. Holmes.
14. Otto, Otto, Otto Hein,
 Won't you be my valentine?

Prof. Lyon shared his valentine with Shakespeare class.
15. Snow showers.
19. "Not much doing."
22. Snap—Washington's Birthday, but everyone knows that.

QUIPS AND QUIRKS



A SONG OF THE LABORATORY.

Give me a drink of KOH
Or H_2SO_4 ,
For exams. are coming, coming soon,
And I wish to live no more.

Yes, put the HgCl_2 to me,
Or perhaps HNO_3 ;
Or shut me up in an air-tight box
And set CO_2 free.

Oh, give me a heaping teaspoon
Of KAO_3 ,
And a drink of H_2SO_4 ,
And see what happens to me.

Alas, I cannot recall a word.
I don't know enough to guess.
I feel as I did in the old school lab.
When I first used H_2S .

Why should I longer exist in woe?
There is no pleasure in being alive.
I'll pour HNO_3 on a piece of Zn
And smother in N_2O_5 .

St. Peter—What have you to say for yourself, you Shade?

Shade (Rankin)—I spent ten years in Maryville College,
belonged to the Military Company, couldn't smoke, and nobody
loved me.

St. Peter—Give this fellow a double napped-surface pair of
wings and an open organ-pipe harp.

Prof. Barnes (dropping into barber chair)—Hair cut, please.
Barber—Which hair?

BEATRICE AND RUTH DISCUSSING FRATERNITIES.

Beatrice—Now Graves belongs to the Delta Phi.

Ruth—Oh! he does?

Beatrice—What is Hyder?

Ruth—Oh! he's mine.

THE NAUGHTY EIGHTS.

NOW, Abraham Lincoln, you are sure you understand just what we want you to do? You must enter the campus by the little gate on Gage Avenue. Follow the sheltered path to your right. When you get behind the chapel, cover your old horse with the blanket. Be sure you get the '07 right side up. Then put on your own togs. That coat's just stunning, isn't it, Fred? Shake out your banner and wave it as you go. Drive straight to where everyone at the ball game can see you. Then, go around to the front of the office. Perhaps Doctor Redman and the committee will take a look at you. If you can, stop in front of his window; but, if anyone seems to be chasing you, keep your horse going."

"Fred," said George Benson, "there is no earthly use of stopping in front of the office. Don't you know those trustees will be the first ones at the game?"

"There are to be others here besides that committee of trustees, and I hardly think either they or the committee will go to the game."

"Abe," Fred continued, "whatever you do, don't let anybody get near you."

The boy listened intently, but he did not lift his eyes from his bare feet.

"I'll tell you what we've decided to do," said George, after he and his chum had watched Abe for a minute or two. "If you make a success of this, and we are sure you will, we're going to give you three dollars, instead of two, as we promised you last

week. All you have to do is to ride across the campus and back. Can we depend on you?"

Abe nodded.

"Be at the gate at a little before three," George reminded him as the two Freshmen hurried away.

Abraham Lincoln Simpson thrust his black hands into the pockets of his ragged trousers and whistled. A piece of luck had come his way. For once, he could give his grandmother a surprise worth talking about.

Ever since he could remember, his grandmother had been saving every cent she could spare for a new cook-stove; but each year found the hoard only a little larger than the year before. The crack in the old stove grew larger and wider. Part of the grate was gone, and pieces of tin had been substituted. Two of the legs had been replaced by piles of brick; a kettle of water had taken the place of a broken lid.

One year Abe was sick through the long, hot summer. The next winter his grandmother had rheumatism, and she was compelled to give up the fine ironing that, for years, the college boys had brought her. When at last the rheumatism left her, a steam laundry had taken her work, and all she could get to do was hard and rough for her twisted fingers.

Some of the neighbors remarked that if she would have her worthless horse killed, there would be more for her and Abe to live on. But the horse had belonged to Abe's father. Sometimes the boy wondered which his grandmother loved most, the horse or her grandson.

Abe decided to go to the woods and inspect the queer, green cart in which he was to ride.

As he crossed the campus, two girls came up behind him. Before he knew it he was listening to what they were saying.

"It's too bad the Freshmen can't let class spirit rest to-day. I am sure they have something planned for this afternoon. I fear Doctor Redman will be annoyed."

"The trustees were boys once," laughed her companion. "I

don't believe they will be greatly shocked. At least, Doctor Hill will not be, for beyond a doubt Fred is at the bottom of the mischief. I suppose his father is fairly well acquainted with him."

"I was not thinking of the trustees, but of that queer old man we saw with Doctor Redman this morning. They say he is very rich, and is considering a gift to the College that will make the long-dreamed-of gymnasium a reality. But he is eccentric and doesn't approve of college pranks.

Abe spelled out the words on the gaily trimmed cart. He did not understand them nor much of what the girls had said. Of one thing he was certain: he would have nothing to do with anything that might annoy Doctor Redman.

Many were the lifts the busy college president had found time to give Abe and his grandmother. They were not the sort to turn against their friends. But three dollars! Abe gasped. He had forgotten them and the cook-stove. After all, he was not responsible for the joke, and Doctor Redman would understand. Besides, if he did not do it, very likely some one else would.

He went to the old stable where his horse was waiting to be rubbed down.

"We don't like it, does we, Ned? But we sho' got to arn that stove. Po' chap, you don' hardly pay fo' your keep no mo'; but you'll git a chance dis afternoon. I tell you we goin' to do it. Just tink of dem t'ree silver dollahs."

Suddenly the boy threw down his brush and buried his head in the horse's mane.

"It's no use, Ned," he sobbed; "we can't go agin' our friends, even for dat stove."

The old horse nosed the boy's woolly head, comfortingly, and Abe patted him in response. When his grief had spent itself, he went in search of a "nubbin" of corn for Ned.

Then he produced a pencil stub and a crumpled bit of paper. The note he wrote the boys was brief and to the point:

"I am sorry to go back on you, but I ain't a goin' to worry

Doctor Redman. He's my friend and I sho' got to stan' by him, even if I don' 'arn no three dollahs for a stove.

Abraham Lincoln Simpson."

Abe returned to the cart and laid the note by the coat and cap he was to have worn.

He tried to whistle as he walked resolutely across the brown fields. He was not hungry, and if he did not go home to dinner, he could get in a good afternoon's work. Mr. Stephenson had promised to give him five cents an hour for digging potatoes. It would add something to the cook-stove fund, and, what was better still, it would help him to forget his lost opportunity.

The sun was setting when Abe turned his weary steps toward home. His back ached and his hands were blistered. He dropped three small coins into his pocket without looking at them. Why should they remind him of the three he might have had? When his grandmother's cabin came into view, he looked anxiously to see if a fire had been kindled for supper. But he saw no smoke.

Perhaps grandmother was sick.

As he came nearer he caught sight of a bright, red wagon with two horses hitched to it. Tired as he was, he forced himself into a run and called his grandmother anxiously. Before the door he stood silent.

Grandmother sat in her splint rocker, staring at a shining, black object that had taken the place of the old stove. On the rickety table that had been pushed back by the chimney, stood Doctor Redman. The evening was cool, but great drops stood on his forehead. His spectacles were awry, and his otherwise immaculate linen was sprinkled with flakes of soot. He was laboring with a refractory joint of pipe. Two men, strangers to Abe, were steadying the table, while a white-haired professor from the College was giving directions and holding the pipe in place at the bottom.

When they had finished their work, Doctor Redman caught sight of Abe still standing in the doorway.

"Why, Abe," he said, "I thought you were the boy who was so anxious to have a new stove. When it comes in and sets itself up without any of your help, you haven't a word to say. How many seconds will it take you to find some pine? We want to see a fire in that stove before we go."

"Grandmother," said Abe, after their guests had ridden away, "please tell me how Doctah Redman knowed we wanted a stove."

Grandmother shook her head. "Chile, I can't tell you. All I know is dat 'bout an hour ago, dem men come walkin' in. I knowed ever' one of dem when dey was boys. Dem days I did ironing for the fines' young men in College.

"Doctah Redman said the two dat was strangahs to you, was trustees of the College. Dey got to talkin' 'bout the ironing I used to do and the pies and de doughnuts I made for 'em, and how I nursed Bob Benson through a fevah. He was the youngest 'fessor in College den. So they 'cided to give me a present. But, honey, dey didn't tell me how they knowed what I wanted."

There was a knock at the door, and George Benson and Fred Hill, Junior, entered with a huge basket. A dozen other boys followed. "From the Naughty Eights," George explained, as he set the basket on the table.

The boys laughed as they crowded around the stove. Abe heard them whisper:

"It's really true."

"Guess they caught us this time."

"Isn't it just like Doctor Redman?"

Abe and his grandmother began to unpack the basket almost before the door closed on the boys. A pile of packages began to grow on the kitchen table: tea, coffee, sugar, fruit. Down at the bottom of the basket was a box of candy marked for Abe, and among the candies were three tiny gold dollars.

"De Naughty Eights had something to do with our getting dis stove," said Abe; "I am sho ob it."

"Yes," answered his grandmother, "for heah on de stove is

an eight, plain as kin be. I spose those men jes helped 'em. I don' understand all the college affairs, but de Lawd bress Doctah Redman and de Naughty Eights."

Mr. Easterly—I am a confirmed bachelor.

Miss Sample—Indeed! May I ask how many girls assisted in the confirmation?

Prof. Lyon—Mr. Thibaut, name eleven of Shakespeare's plays.

Thibaut—*Ten Nights in a Bar-room* and *Macbeth*.

Here lies poor Burrell O. Raulston;
Ne'er shall we see him more.
The stuff he drank for castor oil
Was H_2SO_4 .

Backward, turn backward, oh time in thy flight,
Feed us on gruel again, just for to-night.
We are so weary of sole-leather steak,
Petrified biscuit and vulcanized cake,
Potatoes steeped in a watery bath,
And butter as strong as Goliath of Gath.
We're weary of paying for what we can't eat,
Chewing up rubbers and calling it meat.

Backward, turn backward, how weary we are.
Give us a swipe at Grandmother's jar;
Let us drink milk that hasn't been skimmed;
Let us eat butter whose whiskers are trimmed;
Let us once more have our old-fashioned pie,
Then we'll be ready to curl up and die.

Florence M.—Do you know where Grace Carnahan is?

Florence Mc.—Yes, she is in South America.

Florence M.—Oh! I thought she was in Peru.

Late one evening two men were walking along a road with a bag of hickory-nuts. They decided to divide the nuts; so they entered a nearby cemetery, hoping to be undisturbed. As they entered they put a nut on either side of the entrance that they might be sure to go out at the right gate. They sat down in the midst of the monuments and began counting: "One for you, one for me," "One for you, one for me," and while they were doing so, Prof. Mathes came along and heard the voice. Giving way to the impulse to run, he soon reached the campus, where he met Prof. Gamble, who readily believed him when he asserted that he had heard the Lord and the Devil dividing the dead between them.

Made brave by the company of a fellow professor, they went together to the gate of the cemetery and found that the words "One for you, one for me," continued to be repeated; then as they glanced at each other, their fear reaching its climax, they heard the voice say, "This is all except those two at the gate, and we will get them as we go out."

"What have you to-night?" asked a newsboy of the waiter.

"Everything, sir."

"Bring it at once."

Enter waiter carrying "Baldwin hash."

THE IDA.

Far up among the rugged mountains of the West there lies a lonely trail whose existence is half forgotten. Starting from the foothills below it winds in and out through the mountains, with sharp curves and steep ascents, now girt by some dangerous precipice, now by some towering cliff, until, making an abrupt turn, it dips down into a sheltered little valley.

The silence of this desolate spot is made more ominous by the noisy clatter of an impetuous mountain stream that rushes headlong through the matted clumps of underbrush dotting the valley. Away to the right of the stream the underbrush gives place

to scraggy, knotted trees, whose branches twine and intertwine as if for mutual protection. Here in a tiny clearing stands a rude hut, so completely hidden that it cannot be seen from the bend of the trail.

But the owner did not build for hospitality. "He's a queer sort," the prospectors all said, and with their usual aptitude they bestowed the sobriquet of "Lone Jake" upon him. No one knew his real name. Years before, when he had suddenly appeared among them, they had instinctively felt that he was vastly different from the rough men of those mountains, and nudging each other they had whispered audibly—"tenderfoot." But though time had long ago proven that this appellation was incorrect, still "Lone Jake" held aloof from his fellow men as sedulously as when he first came to that region. Living thus a life so completely in contrast to the life of the jovial prospectors, he had gained a reputation by no means enviable, and many a man was heard to declare that he didn't "hanker after a scrap with that solemn-lookin' 'Lone Jake.' "

His energy, his ambition, his very life, seemed to be centered in one object—his feverish passion for gold. Year after year he toiled, unsuccessful in his search. But failure only spurred him on to more strenuous effort. Danger, privation, and even bitter want were unheeded as he journeyed over mountains and into unknown gulches, intent upon his solitary prospecting tour.

Every winter saw him return to his cabin—defeated; every spring saw him set out on the trail with determination that recognized no defeat.

One night, after a weary day of searching, he camped beside a tiny brook. Discouragement seemed very near that night. He thought of the years spent so vainly—the years of his earliest manhood—and an almost uncontrollable longing to be done with it all seized him.

With morning returned the old determination. He stooped beside the clear, trickling brook, intending to fill his drinking-cup. A glitter caught his eye. At first he thought it was only the

peculiar effect of the dazzling sun upon the water—then a look of amazement slowly came upon his face. Could it be? He stooped nearer and peering incredulously into the brook, picked some tiny stones from the bottom, and there, in his very hand, glittered the coveted gold.

His claim proved to be one of the most valuable in all that gold region, and "Lone Jake's" luck was for a time a topic of interest to the prospectors. "Reckon you've heard that 'Lone Jake's' prospect is going to be called 'The Ida' haint you?" drawled out one of the participants in a lively discussion on the merits of the prospect. At this a general shout went up. "I'd 'a bet he didn't even know a woman's name," declared another.

His success in no way quenched his zeal. Rather it seemed to replenish the fire burning within him, and he lived his life much as before, enduring if possible even greater hardships and dangers, led on by his one great passion—gold.

* * * * *

It was fall, and "Lone Jake," driven out of the mountains by the bitter cold, was returning to his hermitage. Just where the trail began its curving descent into his valley home, he almost stumbled over the prostrate figure of a man. Bending over him, "Lone Jake" saw that there was little life left in the stranger, and lifting him in his own strong arms, he carried his burden to the cabin.

The next hour was a busy one for "Lone Jake" as he persistently tried every available remedy to restore the stranger to consciousness. At length his efforts availed and the suffering man breathed rather than spoke: "It's come—I knew it would. You'll—you'll tell her?" "Yes, yes," answered "Lone Jake" soothingly.

As the night grew later, the sick man became somewhat stronger, his mind was clearer, his speech more coherent, and fixing his unnaturally bright eyes on "Lone Jake's" face, he said: "I must tell you quickly, while there's time." "Better rest now."

advised "Lone Jake," "you'll be better soon." But the stranger shook his head feebly. "No, I shall never be better—this strength will last but a moment—I knew it would come—but it's easier, knowing that you'll tell her. You'll find the address on the picture in my pocket. I want you to write her and tell her about it—but oh! there's nothing, nothing!" And a spasm of awful despair distorted his face. "How can you tell Ida I left nothing—nothing for Ida and the boy?" he groaned.

* * * * *

He was living the days of his early manhood over now, as he mused: "There never was a prettier girl than Ida when I married her—eyes so blue and deep and hair so wavy; it had the very sunlight's glint in it. How ambitious she was for me! and I—I wanted Ida to live like a queen—but somehow things never went right, and it seemed as if I didn't have any chance in a little place like Benton."

"Lone Jake" grasped the rude bedpost convulsively, but the stranger, intent upon his own sorrow, did not heed the motion.

"Then when the boy began to grow up I saw that things must be different; we—we wanted the very best for our boy. He was such a funny little chap. So I came out here, for I'd heard how easy it was to make a fortune here; but somehow my old luck hasn't changed much. And then I felt this disease coming on—but I couldn't tell her, she'd have worried so. You'll tell her?" he questioned, and then wistfully, "The—the picture is in my pocket,—I feel—so weak."

"Lone Jake," divining his meaning, opened the coat and drew out the picture. The dying man grasped it eagerly and murmured to it gently as if it were indeed the woman whom it represented. "Lone Jake" turned from the bedside—Ida—Benton; Benton—Ida—the two words burned in his very brain.

The stranger's breath came shorter now. "Ida, Ida," he sighed, "but there's nothing! nothing! nothing!"—and he was dead.

Mechanically "Lone Jake" picked up the picture. Yes, the address was there, and it was—ah! it was her address. But he experienced no shock of surprise; he had felt—he had known—that it must be so.

Reverently he turned the picture over and gazed into the eyes of the woman whom he could never forget.

For hours he sat there thinking—thinking of the woman whose dead lay so near. When she had told him that she had given her love to another he had come to this lonely spot, and how he had worked, trying to forget! Sometimes it seemed that he had obliterated the memory of his bitter sorrow in his feverish search for gold; but ever it returned afresh to mock him.

He could never forget! Then had come his wonderful success. How he had longed for her in that! To have given Ida luxuries befitting a queen—ah! that would have been his life's joy!

The words of the dying man returned: "Nothing! nothing for Ida!"

Ida in want! The thought filled him with terror.

* * * * *

A week later, the woman, in the far off eastern town, Benton, received a letter. It read:

Dear Madam:

I am sorry to tell you of the sad death of your husband. He was found almost lifeless lying across the trail, and he soon after died. Some disease of the heart, it was thought. Not long before his death he staked a magnificent claim, which has been properly registered in your name—"The Ida," he called it.

Respectfully,

HIS PARTNER.

Prof. Bassett—Miss Muecke, why are you not prepared to translate?

Miss Muecke—Why, you called on me two days in succession.

Once there was a Baldwin girl
Who wouldn't go to prayers;
But she went to make taffy,
Away up stairs.
The girls heard her squall,
And Mrs. Snodgrass heard her call;
They rushed into her room—
She wasn't there at all!
They seeked her in the wardrobe
And underneath the bed,
They seeked everywhere,
Then gave her up for dead:
But all they found was her
Taffy strung round about.
And Miss Mollie'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Ewers—What are the greatest nations on earth?
Clemens—Examinations, I guess.

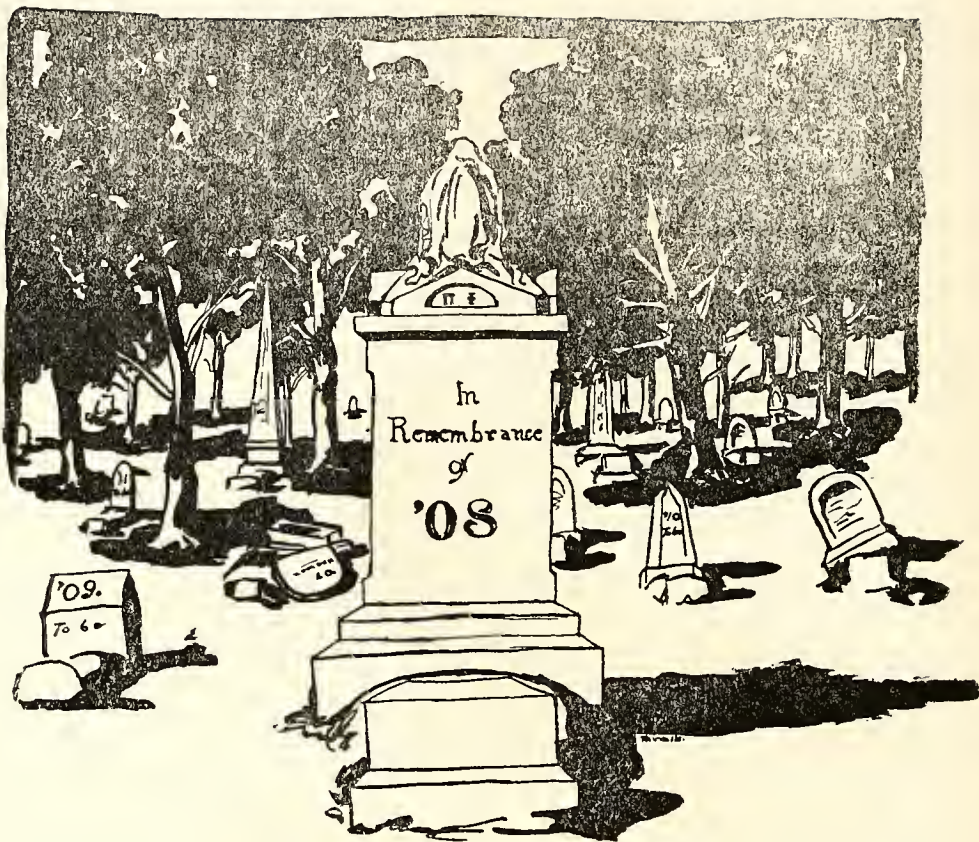
"I feel it in my bones," declared Mollie,
"I never shall marry, alas!"
"But not in your wishbone," said Pollie.
And now they don't speak when they pass.

Harriet—Florence Mc., which of these do you like best?
Florence Mc.—Oh, Ewers, of course.

Here is a toast to ourselves ere we scatter,
In memory we'll drink it again;
For our dear old class of "Nineteen-eight"
Won't go into chapel again.

Fill up—
No "Faculty" and teachers insane,
Hurrah—
But friends that we may meet in M. C. again,
We hope.

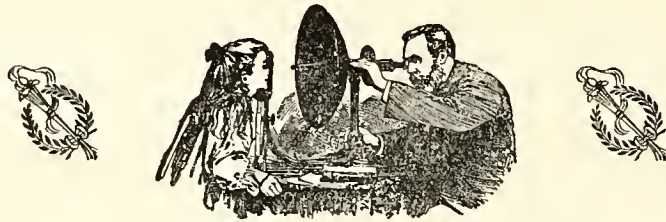






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1819

1908

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To give its students a thorough, modern, Christian education.

II. ITS PAST

Founded in 1819, by Rev. Isaac Anderson, D.D., and the Synod of Tennessee, it has contributed eighty-eight years' worthy service to the carrying out of the purpose of its founding. Thousands of its former students are scattered over the world.

III. ITS PRESENT

Last year its enrollment was 611, of whom 163 were collegians. Maryville is an East Tennessee institution, and had 501 students from Tennessee; it is a national institution, and had 110 students from twenty-six other States and countries.

IV. ITS PLANT

It has property of all kinds amounting to \$513,000. Ten buildings, including the new \$35,000 Voorhees Chapel, water works, sewerage, steam heat, electric lights, and bath-rooms.

V. ITS TEACHING FORCE

Consists of thirty professors and instructors, representing eighteen different colleges and universities.

VI. ITS COLLEGE CURRICULUM.

It offers as courses of study ten groups of studies: Classical, Greek, Latin, English, Modern Languages, Chemistry, Biology, Mathematics, Economics and Political Science, and English Literature, all leading to the degree of B.A.

VII. ITS OTHER DEPARTMENTS

1. Preparatory—Of High School grade. Thoroughly graded.

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6. Expression—Course leading to graduation.
7. Art—Drawing free. Painting in oil and water colors.
8. Military—Enrollment voluntary.

VIII. ITS MORAL ATMOSPHERE

Blount County has no saloons. Maryville is a quiet, law-abiding town, filled with church-going people. The college is strongly Christian, and the discipline is careful. The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are very efficient. The Bible is a text-book.

IX. ITS HEALTHFULNESS

Maryville is located in a county that has long been a health resort. Mountain ozone, pure water, and an altitude of 950 feet above the sea, make it an ideal seat for a college. The Campus, of 235 acres, and the Gymnasium contribute to the success of athletics. Indoor and outdoor sports, manual labor, and military drill.

X. ITS INEXPENSIVENESS

1. Tuition is \$6.00 a term. No incidentals, except in the Science laboratories.
2. Room rent for each student, with two in a room, \$15 to \$20 a year.
3. Board in the Co-operative Club of 350 members, \$1.50 a week.
4. Text-books rented. General Library free.

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JOHN H. PICKENS, Vice-President.
JOHN M. CLARK, Cashier.
J. E. ROWAN, Ass't Cashier.

Statement of the Condition of

Bank of Blount County

At the Close of Business Dec. 31, 1907.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$217,755.32
Overdrafts	1,047.33
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	3,722.67
Other real estate	500.00
Expenses and taxes paid	3,942.00
Due from banks	\$45,094.65
Cash in vault	11,853.41
	56,948.06
	\$283,915.38

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	\$ 48,900.00
Surplus and undivided profits	9,893.80
Individual deposits	225,893.99
Notes and bills rediscounted	NONE
Dividends unpaid	217.50
	\$283,915.38

DIRECTORS.

G. R. Henry, J. M. Clark, S. L. George, E. B. Waller, John H. Pickens, J. N. Badgett, W. L. Russell, T. P. Cooper, S. L. Davis, E. Huffstetler, C. T. Cates, Sr.

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